

LA TRAVIATA

A Grand Opera in Three Acts.

THE MUSIC BY VERDI.

AS PERFORMED BY THE

ENGLISH OPERA COMPANY,

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

CAROLINE RICHINGS BERNARD.

PHILADELPHIA:
LEDGER JOB PRINTING OFFICE.
1868.

THE
KNABE PIANO

Has been awarded not less than

Fifty Gold and Silver Medals!

THE HIGHEST AWARDS

Over all competition at different State Fairs throughout the country, besides numerous other *First Premiums* at different County and other Fairs,

IN COMPETITION WITH THE BEST FACTORIES IN THE COUNTRY

We would call special attention to our

New Patent Concert Grand Piano,

Which are, by the best of judges, acknowledged to *surpass* any thing heretofore made. Our

PATENT SQUARE GRANDS

Are as near an approach to a *Full Grand Piano* as can possibly be attained in a Square Case. All our

SQUARE PIANOS

Have the *full agraffe treble, full iron frame, double brace overstrung bass*, and all the *latest improvements*. Special attention is called to our

New Improved UPRIGHT PIANO,

Having all real improvements known in this class of instruments, and entirely obviating all the objections heretofore urged against the *Boudoir Piano*, the tone being *full and sonorous, of fine singing quality*, and perfectly even, the touch being *easier than* in any square piano, and *standing in tune as well as the best Grand Piano*.

EVERY PIANO IS FULLY WARRANTED FOR FIVE YEARS.

WM. KNABE & CO.,

BALTIMORE, MD.

LA TRAVIATA.

A Grand Opera in Three Acts.

THE MUSIC BY VERDI.

AS PERFORMED BY THE

Opera

ENGLISH OPERA COMPANY.

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

CAROLINE RICHINGS BERNARD.

PHILADELPHIA:
LEDGER JOB PRINTING OFFICE.
1868.



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2017 with funding from

This project is made possible by a grant from the Institute of Museum and Library Services as administered by the Pennsylvania Department of Education through the Office of Commonwealth Libraries

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

VIOLETTA VALERY.
FLORA BERVOIX, her Friend.
GEORGIO GERMONT.
ALFREDO, his Son.
BARON DAUPHOL.
GASTONE DE LETORIERES.
DOTTORE GRENVIL.
MARQUIS D'ORIGNY.

Ladies and Gentlemen, Friends and Guests of Violetta, Servants, &c.

SCENE, NEAR PARIS.

ARGUMENT.

The First Act commences with a gay party in the house of Violetta, (the heroine,) a young and beautiful creature, thrown by circumstances and the loss of her parents in childhood, into a course of voluptuous living. She is surrounded by a circle of gay, thoughtless beings like herself, who devote their lives to pleasure. Amongst the throng who crowd to her shrine is Alfred Germont, a young man, who becomes seriously enamored of Violetta. Touched by the sincerity of his passion, she yields to its influence, a new and pure love springs up in her heart, and, for the first time, she becomes conscious of the misery of her position, and the hollowness of the pleasures in which she has basked. In the Second Act we discover her living in seclusion with her lover in a country house near Paris, three months after the events narrated in the preceding Act. Alfred accidentally discovers that Violetta has been secretly selling her houses and property in Paris, in order to maintain this establishment; and revolting at the idea of being a dependant upon her bounty, he leaves hurriedly for Paris, to redeem his honor from this disgrace. During his absence his father, who has discovered his retreat, arrives, and representing to Violetta that his son's connexion with her is not only lowering him in the opinion of the world, but will be ruinous to his family, inasmuch as his sister was betrothed to a wealthy noble who had, however, declared his intention of renouncing her unless Alfred would give up Violetta, the generous girl resolves to sacrifice her affections and happiness for her lover's sake, and returns alone to Paris, whither Alfred, overwhelmed with despair when he discovers her flight, follows her. We are then transported to a saloon in the Hotel of Flora, one of Violetta's former friends, during a festival given by the fair mistress of the mansion. There Alfred again meets Violetta, now under the protection of the Baron Dauphol, and being unaware of the generous motive which made her desert him, he overwhelms her with reproaches, and flings the miniature which she had given him at her feet, in presence of the company. Degraded and heart-broken the unfortunate Violetta returns home to die; and, in the last Act, we find the sad romance of her life drawing to its close. Alfred, too late, learns the truth, and discovers the sacrifice she has made to secure his happiness. Penetrated with grief and shame, he hastens, with his father, to comfort and console her, and to offer her his hand and name in reparation of the wrong he has done her, but too late. The fragile flower, broken on its stem, can never more raise its beautiful head. One gleam of happiness, the purest and brightest that she has known, arising from her lover's assurance of its truth and his desire to restore her reputation, gilds the closing moments of her life, and, in a transport of joy, her soul suddenly quits its fragile tenement of clay.

This Libretto is a free version of the Drama by the younger Dumas, "*La Dame aux Camélias*," known in this country by the title of "*Camille*."

LA TRAVIATA.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE THE FIRST.

A saloon in the house of VIOLETTA. Folding-doors at back, C., opening into another reception-room. Doors on either side and fireplace L. H., above which is a chimney-glass. In the centre of the saloon is a table elegantly furnished with refreshments. The appointments rich and handsome. At rising of curtain VIOLETTA is discovered seated, conversing with the physician and friends; others are welcoming the guests, who are arriving, and among whom are the BARON and FLORA, leaning on the arm of the MARQUIS during symphony of introduction.

Chorus of Guests to those arriving.

Past already's the hour of appointment.
You are tardy.

Chorus of those arriving.

We played deep at Flora's, and while playing
The hours flew away.

Vio. (going to meet them.)

Flora! dear comrades! the night is before us;
Other pleasures we here will display.
'Mid the wine-cups the hours pass more gayly.
I strive to—yes, to pleasure I yield, and endeavor
With such remedies illness to stay.

Flora and Marq. Can you there find enjoyment?

Omnes. Yes; enjoyment will lengthen our days.

[*Enter GASTONE and ALFREDO GERMONT.*]

Gas. In Alfredo Germont, fairest lady,
Another behold who esteems you.
There are few friends like him; he's a treasure.

Vio. Thanks, dear viscount, for so great a pleasure.

(*VIOLETTA gives her hand to ALFREDO, who kisses it.*)

Marq. Dear Alfredo!

Alf. (shaking hands.) Kind Marquis!

Gas. (to Alfredo.) I told you that combined here
Are friendship and pleasure.

(During the foregoing the servants have placed viands, wines, &c., on table.)

Vio. (to Servant.) All is ready? *(Servant bows assent.)*
My dear friends, be seated.

'Tis at the banquet that each heart unfolds.
All. Thou hast wisely the maxim repeated:
Cure for trouble the wine still holds.

(All seat themselves and commence eating and drinking. VIOLETTA and GASTONE converse together aside.)

Gas. (aside to Violetta, afterward aloud.)
Thou'rt the sole thought of Alfred.

Vio. Art jesting?

Gas. Thou wert ill, and each day in distress
He came to ask thy condition.

Vio. Be silent. No, I am naught to him.

Gas. I deceive not.

Vio. (to Alfredo.) Is it true then? Can it be?

Ah, I know not!

Alf. (sighing.) Yes, it is true.

Vio. Grateful thanks, then, I give you.

(To the Baron.) You, dear Baron, were not so enchanted.

Baron. But 'tis only a year I have known you.

Vio. And Alfredo a few moments only.

Flora, (softly to the Baron.)
'Twould be better if you
Had not spoken.

Baron, (softly to Flora.)
For this youth I've no liking.

Flora. But why? As for me now, he pleases me well.

Gas. (to Alfredo.) Thou art silent. Hast nothing to offer?

Marq. Madame alone has the power to arouse him.

Vio. (pouring out wine for Alfredo.)

I will fill, then, like Hebe.

Alf. And, like her,

I proclaim thee immortal.

All. We pledge thee

A bumper; we'll drink.

Gas. (to Baron.) Can you not, in this moment of pleasure,
Give a toast, or a gay tuneful measure?

(The BARON declines.)

(To Alf.) Then wilt thou?

All. Yes, yes, a drinking song!

Alf. I've no inspiration.

Gas. Art thou not, then, a singer?

Alf. (to Violetta.) Will it please you?

Vio. Yes.

Alf. Yes? Then I yield.

Marq. Pay attention!

All. Yes, attention we'll pay.

AIR. DUETT AND CHORUS. BRINDISI.

A bumper we'll drain from the wine-cup flowing,
 That fresh charms to beauty is lending:
 O'er fleeting moments, so quickly ending,
 Gay pleasure alone should reign.
 We'll drink the thrilling ecstasies
 That love excites within us,
 When her bright eye doth win us
 And every heart retain.

A bumper to love 'mid the wine-cups flowing,
 Fresh warmth will our pleasures regain.

All. Ah, to love 'mid wine-cups flowing

New delight our joys will gain.

Vio. Surrounded by you, I shall learn to lighten
 The footsteps of time with gladness;
 All of this world is but folly and madness

That is not pleasure gay.

Enjoy the hour, for rapidly

The joys of life are flying,

Like summer flow'rets dying,

Improve them while we may.

Enjoy! the present with fervor invites us,

Its flattering call obey.

All. Ah! enjoy then the wine-cups with songs of pleasure,
 That make night so cheerful and smiling:

In this charming paradise beguiling.

Vio. The sum of life is pleasure.

Alf. While still unloved, unloving.

Vio. (to Alfredo.) Experience hath taught me.

Alf. And thus my fate must be.

Chorus. Ah! enjoy we the wine-cup, &c., &c.

(Dancing music heard. Waltz and duett.)

What's this?

Vio. Will you not join the gay group of dancers?

All. Oh, happy thought! We'll gladly join them.

Vio. Then let us enter.

(They approach the door, when VIOLETTA is seized with sudden faintness.)

Alas!

All. What ails thee?

Vio. Nothing, nothing.

All. Why do you pause then?

(VIOLETTA advances a step or two.)

Vio. Let's go now.

(She is obliged to seat herself.)

O Heaven!

All. Again? still?

Alf. Ah, you suffer!

All. Great Heaven! what means this?

Vio. A sudden trembling seized me. Now there

(Pointing to door.) Pray enter. I will rejoin you ere long,

All. As you desire then.

[All exeunt through folding-doors except VIOLETTA and ALFRED.]

Vio. (rising and regarding herself in mirror.)

Ah me, how pale!

(Turning, sees Alfred.) You here!

Alf. Are you relieved from recent distress?

Vio. I'm better.

Alf. Ah, these gay revels soon will destroy thee.
Great care is needful: on this depends your being.

Vio. Canst thou, then, aid me?

Alf. Oh, wert thou mine now,
With vigilance untiring I'd guard thee
With tend'rest care.

Vio. What say'st thou?

Some one, perchance, then, careth for me.

Alf. (confusedly.) No one in all the world doth love you?

Vio. Not one.

Alf. I only love you.

Vio. Ah, truly,
Your great devotion *(laughing)* I had quite forgotten.

Alf. Dost mock me? Have you a heart then?

Vio. A heart? Yes, haply! But why

Do you thus question?

Alf. Ah, if you had one,

You would not thus trifle with me.

Vio. Are you, then, truthful?

Alf. You I deceive not.

Vio. 'Tis long that you have thus loved me?

Alf. Ah, yes—a year now.

DUETTO.

One day a rapture ethereal

Flashed on my heart its brightness;

And since that day of lightness

Life's only aim has been love.

Ah yes, of love—of the love that palpitates

Through all the world, through creation wide extended.

O Power mysterious! Power yet uncomprehended!

Torment and rapture each do I prove.

Vio. If this be true, ah, fly from me!

Friendship alone I offer;

I neither know nor suffer

A feeling of such devotion:

I am sincere and frank with thee.

Look for one warmer, kinder;

'Twill not be hard to find her;

Then think no more of me.

[GASTONE appears at door.]

Gas. How now? What here employs you?

Vio. Trifles and folly.

Gas. Ah! that is well. Remain then.

[Retires.]

Vio. Of love speak we no more. Is it agreed on?

Alf. I will obey you.

Vio. (*about to depart.*) Farewell. Is such your pleasure?

(*VIOLETTA takes a flower from her bosom.*)

Then take with thee this flow'ret.

Alf. For what?

Vio. Soon to return it.

Alf. (*returning eagerly.*) How soon?

Vio. When its gay bloom is faded.

Alf. Oh joy! To-morrow!

Vio. 'Tis well; to-morrow.

Alf. I am at last so happy!

Vio. You still declare you love me?

Alf. How much I love thee! (*Going.*)

Vio. You go then?

Alf. Yes, love.

(*Returns and kisses her hand.*)

Vio. To-morrow!

Alf. More I will ask not.

Both. Adieu, now, until to-morrow.

[*Exit ALFREDO as the rest of the company return from inner saloon.*]

CHORUS.

In the East the dawn is breaking,
And perforce we must depart:
Now, gentle lady, with leave-taking,
Thanks we give thee from each heart.
Full the city is of pleasure,
Brief the time for love and joy;
To repose give needful measure,
Lest enjoyment we destroy.

[*Exeunt all but VIOLETTA.*]

Vio. (*Recit.*) How wondrously those accents upon my heart are graven! May not this serious passion prove a misfortune? What shall be thy resolve, my troubled spirit? No living man hath yet inflamed thee. O rapture that I have known not! to be beloved and loving! Can my heart still disdain it for follies dry and heartless, which now enchain me?

AIR.

VIOLETTA.

Perchance 'twas he, who in youth's dreams
Ofttimes appeared before me,
As some bright star at midnight gleams,
Shedding its radiance o'er me.
He who in guileless innocence
True love for me professing,
Fortune and fame possessing,
He now doth sue to me.
Yes, this is love—'tis the love that palpitates
Through all the world, through creation widely extended.
O Power mysterious! Power ne'er yet comprehended!
Torment and rapture each do we prove.

E'en when a child that face I saw,
 That voice in visions hearing,
 As in a mystic mirror seem'd
 My future lord appearing.
 Ever as broke the dawning,
 As night faded into morning,
 Still in my fancy pictured
 Those features seemed to be.
 Yes, this is love, &c., &c.

Vio. (Recit.) What folly! 'tis all a vain delusion! Child of misfortune, lonely, by all abandoned, in this gay, crowded desert, this vortex of pleasure they call Paris, what hope remains? What must I do then? Surrender to pleasure's maddening whirl again?—light pleasures still enjoy?

AIR. BRILLIANT.

Ever free shall I still wander
 Madly on from pleasure to pleasure?
 Life's short moments shall I squander
 In pursuit of follies gay?
 Days pass by me in rapid measure,
 Happiest where light hearts are thronging
 For new pleasures ever longing,
 Shall my thoughts fly idly away?

(Reprise of Air. ALFREDO in the street without.)

O love! O love that palpitates
 Through all the world, through creation wide extended.
 O Power mysterious! Power ne'er yet comprehended!
 Torment and rapture each do we prove.

Vio.

Oh rapture!

Alf.

O love! O love that palpitates, &c., &c.

[ALFREDO'S voice is still heard in the distance, and VIOLETTA exits as the Act-Drop descends.]

[A lapse of three months occurs between Act First and Act Second.]

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE THE FIRST.

Country-house near Paris. Saloon on the ground-floor. French window opening to garden; side doors; clock on mantel-piece; writing materials and books, &c., &c., on the table.

[Enter ALFREDO.]

RECITATIVE AND AIR.

Alf. Out from her presence for me there's no enjoyment. Three months have flown already since my beloved Violetta so kindly left for me her riches, admi-

ners, and all the haunts of pleasure, where she had been accustomed to homage from all hearts for charms transcendent; yet now contented, in this retreat so quiet, she forgets all for me. Here, near my loved one, new life springs within me, from the trials of love restored and strengthened; and in my present rapture past sorrows are forgotten.

AIR.

All my impulsive ecstasies,
Sprung from a youthful ardor,
She hath subdued with peaceful smiles—
The smiles of happy, happy love.
Thus since she whispered, "Live for me,
Still faithful I will be true to thee.
Of all the world forgetful, free,"
The earth seems like heaven to me.
All my impulsive ecstasies, &c., &c.

[Enter ANNINA hastily, in a traveling dress.]

Alf. Whence have you come, Annina.

Ann. From the city.

Alf. By whom sent thither?

Ann. My kind mistress sent me.

Alf. For what?

Ann. To sell her jewels, horses, carriages, and all that's left her.

Alf. Heard I rightly?

Ann. Great are the expenses of living here secluded.

Alf. You ne'er told me!

Ann. My silence was commanded.

Alf. Commanded! Much still is needed?

Ann. One thousand louis.

Alf. Now leave me. I go to Paris. Mind that your mistress knows nothing of these questions; ere long I shall be able to repair all. Go! go!

[Exeunt ANNINA and ALFREDO.]

[Enter VIOLETTA L. H., with papers in her hand, followed by ANNINA.]

Vio. Your master?

Ann. He has gone to Paris, madame.

Vio. When to return?

Ann. Before the day is ended, he bade me tell you.

Vio. 'Tis strange this.

[Enter GIUSEPPE.]

Gius. For you.

Vio. 'Tis well. (*Sitting down.*) A business agent will shortly arrive here: at once admit him. [GIUSEPPE retires.]

Vio. (*to herself, opening letter.*) Ah! so, so! Flora hath my home discovered, and invites me to join her ball this evening. She'll look for me in vain.

(*Throws the letter on the table.*)

[Re-enter GIUSEPPE.]

Gius. A man would see you.

Vio. 'Tis the one I looked for.

(*She makes a sign to GIUSEPPE to introduce the stranger.*)

[*Exit GIUSEPPE. Enter GERMONT.*]

Germ. Are you Mademoiselle Valery?

Vio. (*with surprise, inviting him to be seated.*) I am, sir.

Germ. (*sitting down.*) In me behold Alfredo's father.

Vio. You?

Germ. Yes, of the imprudent, who goes fast to ruin, led away by your follies.

Vio. (*rising resentfully.*) Stay, sir; I am a lady in my own dwelling, and perforce I must leave you, for your sake more than mine. (*She is about to retire.*)

Germ. What manners! But then—

Vio. (*returning to her seat.*) You have been led in error.

Germ. He will spend all his fortune upon you.

Vio. He has not yet offered. I should refuse.

Germ. (*looking round.*) How then such grandeur?

Vio. (*giving him a paper.*) This deed is to all else a mystery; to you 'twill not be. (*GERMONT reads the paper.*)

Germ. Heaven, what a statement! Have you, then, determined all your wealth to dispose of? But your past life? Ah, why must that accuse you?

Vio. It does no longer. (*With enthusiasm.*) Alfredo I love now, and Heaven has canceled all the past with my repentance.

Germ. Ah! you have noble feelings.

Vio. Ah! like sweet music my ear receives your accents.

Germ. (*rising.*) And of such feelings a sacrifice I ask now.

Vio. (*rising.*) Ah, no, pray do not! A dreadful thing thou wouldst require, I'm certain. I foresee it with terror. Ah, I was far too happy!

Germ. A father's honor requires it, and the future of his two dear children claims it.

Vio. Of two children?

Germ. Yes.

AIR.

Pure as an angel from above,
Kind Heav'n a daughter gave me.
If now Alfredo to our love
Will not return and save me,
He, the beloved and loving youth,
Who soon should wed my daughter,
Must then withdraw his plighted troth,
With all the joy it brought her.
Then do not change Love's roses fair
To thorns of grief and pain;
Your gen'rous heart to my fond pray'r
Will not oppos'd remain.
No! no!

Vio. Ah! I see now that I must for a season be from Alfredo parted. 'Twill be painful, dreary for me; yet—

Germ. That will not suffice me.

Vio. Heavens! what seek you further?

Enough I've offered.

Germ. No, not quite yet.

Vio. Would you that I renounce him for ever?

Germ. It must be.

Vio. Ah, no! I cannot! Never!

DUETT.

Ah, thou knowest not what affection,
 All pervading, which I bear him!
 He who is my sole protection,
 Ah! from me you shall not tear him.
 He hath sworn that truth unceasing
 I in him shall ever find.
 Ah, thou know'st not what dark sorrow
 Mocked my being with its shadow!
 All is over! How sad the morrow,
 Parted thus from dear Alfredo!
 Ah, the trial is too cruel.

Yes, 'twere better far to die.

Germ.

The sacrifice is painful,
 But hear me with tranquillity.
 Lovely thou art still, and youthful too:
 Hereafter—

Vio.

No more persuade me: I know all.
 But it cannot be! Him only I love and live for.

Germ.

So be it; but the men are oft unfaithful still.

Vio.

Great Heaven!

Germ.

Some day, when love hath colder grown,
 And Time's broad gulf grows wider,
 When all the joys of life have flown,
 What then will be? Consider!
 No healing balm shall soothe your rest,
 No warm and deep affection,
 Since Heav'n your ties will ne'er have blest
 With holy benediction.

Vio.

'Tis all true! 'tis all true!

Germ.

Then haste to dissipate the spell
 Of this bright dream, controlling:
 Be to my home and lov'd ones
 Our angel good, consoling.
 Violetta, oh consider well,
 While yet there may be time!
 'Tis Heaven itself that bids me speak
 These words in faith sublime.

Vio. (with extreme grief.)

Thus to the wretch who falls, frail and erring,
 When once again she would rise, hope is silent,
 Though Heav'n indulgent, its pardon conferring,
 Men unforgiving to her will be.

(To Germont, sobbing.)

Say to this child of thine,
 Young, pure and lovely,
 Thou hast a victim found,
 Whose life of sadness
 Had but one single ray—
 One sole ray of rapture and gladness—
 Which she will yield to her,
 Then gladly die.

Germ. Weep on, O thou hapless one!
I witness thy trial: I see thy trial.
In what I ask of thy self-denial,
Deep in my inmost soul I feel thy trial.

Vio. Now command me.

Germ. Tell him that thou lov'st him not.

Vio. He'll not believe me.

Germ. Then leave him.

Vio. He will follow.

Germ. Well then—

Vio. Embrace me. Ask thy daughter; then will my heart be strong. Ere long, restored, you'll find him, but sad beyond all telling. Then to console him, from the arbor approach him. (*Pointing to the garden; then sits and writes.*)

Germ. What art thinking?

Vio. If you my thought could know, you would then oppose me.

Germ. Generous-hearted! And for you what can I do now—howe'er repay thee, O generous heart?

Vio. I die, but let my memory
By him ne'er accursed in thought be.
When in the silent grave I lie,
Then tell him why you sought me.
Germ. No, noble heart, thou still shalt live,
A bright fate shall redress thee:
These tears announce the happy day
That Heav'n will send to bless thee.

Vio. This sacrifice o'erwhelming,
I make of love to duty,
Will be the end of all my woe,
The last sigh of my heart.
Ah! some one comes; retire now.

Germ. Oh, how my heart is grateful!

Vio. Depart now: we meet no more for ever. (*Embracing.*) May you be happy!
Farewell now. (*She goes to the door.*)

Germ. (*at the door.*) Heaven bless thee!
Farewell! farewell!

[*Exit GERMONT into garden.*]

Vio. Oh grant me strength, kind Heaven!

(*Sits down and writes, then rings the bell.*)

[*Enter ANNINA.*]

Ann. My lady called me?

Vio. Yes; this letter you'll yourself deliver.

(*VIOLETTA gives her a letter.*)

Ann. (*looking at the direction with surprise.*) Oh!

Vio. Be silent: go directly.

[*ANNINA retires.*]

Ah, I must write to him now!

What shall I say? how shall I e'er find courage?

(*Writes and seals the letter.*)

[*Enter ALFREDO.*]

Alf. What now?

Vio. (*concealing the letter.*) Nothing.

Alf. Wert writing?

Vio. Yes—no.

Alf. What strange confusion! To whom wer't writing?

Vio. To thee.

Alf. Give me the letter.

Vio. No—directly.

Alf. Ah, forgive me; my thoughts are quite disturbed.

Vio. (*rising.*) By what?

Alf. News from my father.

Vio. Hast thou seen him?

Alf. Ah no; but he hath sent a cruel letter. I soon expect him. At a glance he will love thee.

Vio. (*agitated.*) Let him not here surprise me. Allow me to retire now: thou wilt calm him. Then at his feet I'll humbly fall: he cannot will that we should part. We shall be happy, because thou lovest me, Alfredo; thou lovest me, is it not so?

Alf. Oh dearly! Why dost weep thus?

Vio. My heart, o'ercharged, had need of weeping. I now am tranquil; thou seest it? Smiling on thee, dost see me? (*With great effort.*) Now I am tranquil, calm and smiling. I'll be there, 'mid the flowers, near, ever near thee. Love me, Alfredo, as I now love thee. Farewell, love!

[*She hurriedly exits into the garden.*]

Alf. (*solus.*) Ah, that fond heart lives only in my devotion. (*Looks at the clock.*) 'Tis late now: to-day it's doubtful if I shall see my father.

[*GIUSEPPE enters hurriedly.*]

Gius. Sir, my lady has departed in a carriage that awaited, and is already on the road to Paris. Annina, too, disappeared some time before her.

Alf. I know; be quiet.

Gius. What does this mean?

[*Retires.*]

Alf. She goes, perhaps, to hasten the sale of all her property. Annina will stay all that. (*At this moment GERMONT re-enters garden. ALFREDO turns and sees his father.*) Some one is in the garden: who is there? (*He is going out.*)

(*A Messenger appears at the door.*)

Mess. You, sir, are Germont?

Alf. I am, sir.

Mess. Sir, a lady in a coach gave me, not far from this place, a note to you directed.

Alf. From Violetta. Ah! why am I thus moved? To rejoin her perhaps she now invites me. I tremble! O Heaven, send courage! (*Opens the letter.*) "Alfredo, at the very moment this note shall reach you—" ah! (*A cry of anguish, turns and falls in the arms of his father.*) O my father!

Germ. My dear son, how thou dost suffer! Restrain thy weeping—return and be the glory, the pride of thy father.

(*ALFREDO despairingly sits at a table with his face concealed in his hands.*)

Germ.

From fair Provence's soil and sea,

Who hath won thy heart away?

From thy native sunny clime

What strange fate caused thee to stray?

Oh remember, in thy woe,

All the joy that waits for thee:

All the peace thy heart would know

Only there still found may be:

Heaven guided me.

Ah, thy father, old and worn,
 What he felt thou ne'er canst know;
 In thine absence so forlorn
 Seem'd his home with grief and woe.
 But I find thee now again,
 If my hope doth not mislead,
 If yet honor doth remain,
 With its voice not mute or dead.
 Heav'n sends me aid.

(*Endeavoring to rouse ALFREDO.*)

Wilt not answer a father's affection?

Alf. Countless furies within my heart are raging. (*Repulsing his father.*) Go and leave me.

Germ. How! leave thee?

Alf. Oh, for vengeance!

Germ. Do not linger. Let's go now. Ah, haste thee!

Alf. It was Dauphol.

Germ. Dost thou not hear?

Alf. No.

Germ. All in vain, then, my search will have been.

(*ALFREDO rouses himself, sees upon the table the letter of FLORA, glances at its contents and exclaims:*)

Ah! she's at the fête then. Thither will I fly and seek revenge.

[*ALFREDO exits precipitately, followed by his father.*]

SCENE THE SECOND.

Ball-room and saloon in FLORA'S mansion, superbly furnished and brilliantly illuminated. Doors at back and on either side. Card-table with dice, &c. Another table with flowers and refreshments; chairs, settees, &c., &c.

[*FLORA, MARQUIS, PHYSICIAN and other guests enter L. H., conversing.*]

Flora. There'll be fun here to-night, with maskers merry: the Count will be their leader. Violetta and Alfredo both will be here.

Marq. Have you not heard the news, then? Germont and Violetta are divided.

Phys. and Flora. Is that true?

Marq. Yes, and she will come with the Baron.

Doctor. I saw them yesterday, appearing quite happy.

Flora. Be silent! You hear them?

Flora, Marq. and Doctor. Yes, our friends are coming.

CHORUS OF GYPSIES.

We're gypsies, gay and youthful,
 From distant shores arriving,
 With skillful art contriving
 The future to foretell.

We read the planets truthful,
 Their secrets dark unfolding;
 The realms of fate beholding,
 We can your fortunes tell.

(*Taking the hand of FLORA, examines it.*)

Let's see now.

Part of the Chorus. You, fair lady, have a rival, gay and sprightly.

Second part of Chorus examine the hand of the Marquis.

And you, if we read rightly, are not
 The type of truth.

Flora, (to Marquis.) You play me false already?

I'll take good care to pay you!

Marq. (to Flora.) Ah! what the deuce thus say you?

The charge is base untruth.

Flora. The fox, howe'er disguising,

Will yet be low and vicious.

Gay Marquis, be judicious,

Or else you may repent.

Chorus. Let now a veil oblivious

Be o'er the past extended;

What's done may not be mended,

But future wrongs prevent.

(*FLORA and MARQUIS shake hands.*)

[*Enter GASTONE and others, as Spanish matadors and picadors.*]

CHORUS OF MATADORS AND PICADORS.

We are matadors from Madrid, so famous,
 Bold and valiant in bull-fights all uame us,
 Just arrived here to joiu, with discretion,
 In the fun of the Fat Ox procession.
 If a tale may command your attention,
 You will find us gallants of pretensiou.

Ladies. Yes, yes, bravi! go on relating:

With much pleasure we'll listen.

Chorus of Men and Gadstone.

We are waiting.

CHORUS OF MATADORS.

Young Pequillo, bold and ardeut,
 A Biscayan matador,
 Strong in arm, of stalwart stature.
 All the prizes off he bore!
 One of Andalusia's maidens
 He loved well, and sought to wed,
 But when he declared his passion,
 To him she thus softly said:
 "Five wild bulls within oue morning
 By your hand must first be slain;
 Then, if you return a victor,
 I your suit will entertain."

"Good," replied the matador;
 To the ring he bent his way:
 Five wild bulls, which he there vanquished,
 In the arena slaughtered lay.

General Chorus. Bravo, bravo, matador!
 He who could thus valiant prove—
 He who 'gainst such odds could conquer,
 Well deserves to win his love.

Chorus of Matadors. Then 'mid plaudits loud returning
 To the maid he loved so well,
 He obtained her hand and fortune,
 And from all bore off the belle.

General Chorus. Bravo, &c., &c.
 Now our story, sirs, is ended,
 Our disguises throw away;
 And let's tempt our various fortunes
 For an hour or two at play.

(*All throw off their masks. Some walk to and fro, while others commence playing at cards and dice.*)

[*Enter ALFREDO.*]

Alfredo! you?

Alf. Yes, my kind friends.

Flora, (to him.) And Violetta?

Alf. I don't know.

All. What cool indifference! Bravo! We'll now commence to play.

[*GASTONE takes up the cards and begins playing. ALFREDO and others stake money.*]

VIOLETTA enters leaning upon the BARON'S arm. FLORA goes to meet them.

Flora. Here comes the guest most welcome.

Vio. To your kind wish I yielded.

Flora. Thanks to you, Baron, also, for your polite acceptance.

Baron, (softly to Violetta.) Germont is here.

Do you see him?

Vio. (aside.) Heaven! 'tis he, truly! (*Softly to the Baron.*) I see him.

Baron, (aside to Violetta.) Let not one word escape you

Addressed to this Alfredo—not one accent.

Vio. Why, ah, why came I hither?

In merey, Heav'n, thy pity send to me!

Flora, (seating Violetta beside herself.) Sit here beside me.

(*The DOCTOR approaches them. The MARQUIS talks apart with the BARON. GASTONE shuffles. ALFREDO and others put up their stakes. A few walk about.*)

Tell me, now, what new and strange is passing.

(*FLORA and VIOLETTA converse in an undertone.*)

Alf. A four-spot.

Gas. Ah, thou hast won it.

Alf. Unfortunate in loving makes fortunate in gambling. (*He stakes and wins.*)

All. Still he remains the victor!

Alf. Oh, I shall gain this evening, and with my golden winnings to the green fields returning, I shall again be happy.

Flora. Singly?

Alf. No, no; with some one like her who once was with me, but fled and left me.

Vio. O Heaven!

Gas. (to *Alfredo*, pointing to *Violetta*.) Some pity show.

Baron. (to *Alfredo*, with ill-restrained anger.) Beware!

Vio. (softly to the *Baron*.) Be calm or I must leave you.

Alf. (carelessly.) Did you address me, Baron?

Baron. (ironically.) You are in such good fortune,

I fain would try against you.

Alf. I accept your challenge.

Vio. Who'll aid me? Death seems approaching.

O Heaven, look down and pity me!

Baron. Here at the right, one hundred.

Alf. I at the left, one hundred.

Gas. (dealing off.) An ace there, a knave too.

(To *Alfredo*.) Thou'st won it.

Baron. Wilt double?

Alf. A double be it.

Gas. (dealing off.) A four-spot! a seven!

All. Once more now.

Alf. Then I am again victorious.

All. Bravely indeed! Good fortune seems partial to *Alfredo*.

Flora. Ah, for the rustic dwelling the Baron pays expenses.

Alf. Now we'll go on.

Servant. (entering.) The banquet is ready.

Flora. Let's go then.

All. We'll follow.

Vio. Who'll aid me? (*Aside*.)

[*All retire, ALFREDO and the BARON looking back.*]

Death seems approaching.

O Heaven, look down and pity me!

Alf. (to the *Baron*.) Shall we our game continue?

Baron. At present no, we cannot; ere long my losses I'll regain.

Alf. At any game that you prefer.

Baron. Our friends we'll follow. After—

Alf. Whene'er you call you'll find me.

Let's go. (*Retiring*.)

Baron. (at a distance.) We'll go.

[*All exeunt through C. D. Then VIOLETTA returns breathless, followed by ALFREDO.*]

Vio. I've asked him to come hither:
Will he follow and will he hear me?
Yes, he will; for bitter hate
Controls him more than my sad accents.

[*Enter ALFREDO.*]

Alf. Didst thou call me? what dost wish for?

Vio. Leave this place, I do implore you;
A great peril lies before you.

Alf. Ah! you're clearly comprehended—
E'en so base you then believe me.

Vio. Ah, no, no! never!

Alf. But what then fear you?

Vio. Ah, I fear the Baron's fury.

Alf. An affair of death's between us.
Should this hand in death extend him,
One sole blow would then deprive thee
Both of lover and protector:
Would such losses sorrow give thee?
Vio. But if he should prove the victor!
There behold the sole misfortune
That I fear would prove me fatal.
Alf. Pray, what care you for my safety?
Vio. Hence depart now, this present instant!
Alf. I will go, but swear this moment
Thou wilt follow, now and ever,
Where I wander.

Vio. Ah, no, no! never!
Alf. No? and never?
Vio. Go, thou unhappy, and forget me,
Thus degraded, go and leave me!
At this moment, to escape thee,
I a sacred oath have taken.
Alf. To whom, tell me? Who could claim it?
Vio. One who had the right to name it.
Alf. 'Twas Dauphol?
Vio. (*with great effort.*) Yes.
Alf. Then thou lov'st him?
Vio. Ah, well—I love him.

(ALFREDO runs furiously and throws open the doors and cries out:)

Come hither, all!

[*All enter in confusion.*]

All. Did you call us? Now what would you?
Alf. (*pointing to Violetta, who leans fainting against the table.*)
Know ye all this woman present?
All. Who? Violetta?
Alf. Know ye, too, her base misconduct?
Vio. Ah, spare me!
All. No.
Alf. All she possessed this woman here
Hath for my love expended:
I blindly, basely, wretchedly
This to accept descended.
But there is time to free me yet
From stains that shame, confound me:
Bear witness all around me
That here I pay the debt.

(*Throws with violence a purse at the feet of VIOLETTA, who faints in the arms of FLORA.*)

All. Oh to what baseness thy passions have moved thee,
To wound thus fatally one who has lov'd thee!
Shameless traducer of woman defenceless,
Depart hence speedily, scorn'd and despis'd.

[Enter GERMONT.]

- Germ.* Of scorn most worthy himself doth render
Who wounds in anger a woman tender.
My son! where is he? No more I see him.
In thee, Alfredo, I seek him, but in vain.
- Alf. (aside.)* Ah, yes, 'twas shameful—a deed abhorrent.
A jealous fury—Love's mad'ning torrent—
Oppressed my senses, destroyed my reason:
From her no pardon shall I obtain.
To fly and leave her strength was denied me;
My angry passions did hither guide me;
But now that fury is all expended,
Remorse and horror to me remain.
- All.* Oh, thou dost suffer, but cheer thy heart;
Here in thy trials we all take a part:
Kind friends surround thee, care o'er thee keeping;
Cease, then, thy weeping, thy tears restrain.
- Germ.* I need them: only know what bright virtues
Dwell in that sad heart so torn and bleeding:
I know she loves him, all else unheeding;
Yet must she cruel silent remain.
- Baron.* The shameful insult against this lady
Offends all present: behold me ready
To punish outrage here—now declaring
Such pride o'erbearing, I will restrain.
- Vio. (reviving.)* Ah, lov'd Alfredo, this heart's devotion
Thou canst not fathom yet; its fond emotion
Thou'rt still unknowing, that at the measure
Of thy displeasure 'tis proved again;
But when hereafter the truth comes o'er thee,
And my affection shall rise before thee,
May Heav'n then spare thee remorse from proving.
Ah, the dead, still living, will I remain.
- All.* Oh thou dost suffer, but cheer thy heart;
Here in thy trials we all take a part:
Kind friends surround thee, care o'er thee keeping;
Cease, then, thy weeping, thy tears restrain!

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE THE FIRST.

An apartment in VIOLETTA's house. A couch at back, on which VIOLETTA is reclining; dressing-table, toilet, chairs, fireplace with fire in it, L. 2 E.; window closed by inside shutters. Upon a small table stands a night-lamp burning, also a glass of water, a bottle and divers bottles of medicine. A door R. H. VIOLETTA discovered asleep upon the bed. ANNINA, seated near the fire, has fallen asleep.

Vio. (awaking.) Annina!

Ann. (waking up confusedly.) Did you call me?

Vio. Poor creature, were you sleeping?

Ann. Yes, but forgive me.

Vio. Bring me here some water.

(ANNINA gives her a glass of water.)

Look out now; is it yet daylight?

Ann. 'Tis just seven.

Vio. If 'tis light, undraw the curtains.

(ANNINA opens the blinds and looks into the street.)

Ann. Doctor Grenvil has come.

Vio. A friend most faithful! I wish to rise. Assist me.

(VIOLETTA attempts to rise, but falls again; then, supported by ANNINA, walks slowly to the lounge. The DOCTOR arrives in time to sustain her.)

How kind in you thinking of me thus early!

Doctor, (feeling her pulse.) Yes. Are you somewhat better?

Vio. With pain I suffer, but my mind is tranquil: a priest came here last evening and brought me comfort. Ah, naught but religion e'er can heal the wounded spirit.

Doctor. Last night how were you?

Vio. Calmly I slept till morning.

Doctor. Then keep your courage; convalescence, haply, is not far distant.

Vio. Ah, that's a kind deception allowed to all physicians.

Doctor, (pressing her hand.) Farewell now; I'll return soon.

Vio. Be not forgetful.

(The DOCTOR departs, accompanied by ANNINA.)

Ann. (quickly and softly.) Is her case more hopeful?

Doctor. But few brief hours of life are to her remaining.

[Exit.]

Ann. (to Violetta.) Now cheer thy heart.

Vio. Is this a festal morning?

Ann. Paris gives up to folly—'tis Carnival-day.

Vio. Ah, mid this gay rejoicing, Heaven alone doth know how the poor are suffering. What amount is there in that casket?

Ann. (opening and counting.) Just twenty louis.

Vio. Take from it ten and give them to the needy.

Ann. Little you'll have remaining.

Vio. Oh, 'twill for me be plenty. You can bring, then, my letters here. Naught will occur: you need not long be absent.

[Exit ANNINA.]

(Taking letter from her bosom and reading it in low voice in regular measure :)

"Thou hast kept thy promise. The duel took place. The Baron was wounded, but is improving. Alfredo is in foreign countries. Your sacrifice has been revealed to him by me. He will return to you for pardon. I, too, will return. Haste to recover: thou deservest a bright future. GEORGIO GERMONT." *(Rising.)* 'Tis too late! Still watching and waiting, but to me they come not. *(Looking in the mirror.)* Oh, I'm changed and faded! But the doctor doth exhort me to be hopeful! Ah! thus afflicted, all hope is dead within me.

AIR.

Farewell the bright visions I once fondly cherished!
 Already the roses that decked me have perished.
 The love of Alfredo is lost past regaining,
 That cheered me when fainting, my spirit sustaining.
 Sole Comfort, Support! ah, pity the stray one,
 And send her consolation!
 Oh pardon her transgressions and grant her salvation!
 Ah, thus all of life doth end!
 The sorrows and enjoyments of life will soon be over:
 The dark tomb in oblivion this mortal form will cover;
 No flowers for my grave, no kind friends o'er me weeping;
 No cross with my name mark the spot where I'm sleeping;
 No emblems, no flow'rs! ah, pity the stray one
 And send her consolation!
 Oh pardon her transgressions and send her salvation!
 All thus of life doth end.

BACCHANALIAN CHORUS.

Room for the prize ox,
 With honors appearing;
 Gay flow'rs and vine leaves
 In garlands be wearing.
 Room for the gentlest one
 Of like creation;
 Give him with fife and horn
 Loud salutation.
 Now, Parisians, make concession;
 Clear the way for our procession!
 Asia or Afric
 Ne'er saw one to beat him;
 He is the proud boast
 Of all those who meet him.
 Maskers and funny boys,
 With fun o'erflowing,
 Songs in his honor raise,
 Plaudits bestowing.
 Then, Parisians, &c.

[Enter ANNINA, hastily.]

Ann. (hesitating.) My lady.

Vio. What has happened?

Ann. This morning—'tis true then? You are really better?

Vio. Yes, but why?

Ann. Will you promise to be tranquil?

Vio. Yes; what wouldst tell me?

Ann. I would now prepare you for a pleasure unexpected.

Vio. For a pleasure, thou sayest?

Ann. Yes, gentle mistress.

Vio. Alfredo! Ah, thou hast seen him?

He comes! Oh haste thee, Alfredo!

[*Enter ALFREDO, pale and agitated. They embrace.*]

Vio. Beloved Alfredo!

Alf. My own Violetta! Ah, I am guilty:

I know all, dearest.

Vio. I only know, love, that thou art near me.

Alf. This beating heart will show how I still love thee. I could no more exist if from thee parted.

Vio. If thou hast found me yet with the living,

Believe that grief and woe no more can kill.

Ann. Forget the sorrow in love forgiving;

Both sire and son thou'lt pardon still.

Vio. Ask me for pardon? 'Tis I am guilty,

Thus rendered by my loving heart.

Alf. and Vio. No earthly pow'r nor friend, beloved,

Shall ere compel me more from thee to part.

DUETT.

Gay Paris, dearest, we'll leave with gladness;

Our lives united, fly we from sadness.

Joy shall repay { thee }
 { me } for each dark sorrow:

Thy }
My } cheek so faded shall bloom again;

Life, light and breath from { thee }
 { me } will { you } borrow.

O'er coming years, love, bright smiles shall reign.

Vio. Ah, no more: to church, love, let us be going,

Our thanks to render with hearts o'erflowing. (*Staggering.*)

Alf. Thou'rt growing paler.

Vio. 'Tis nothing. Mark me, unlooked-for pleasure can never enter without disturbing a heart o'erburdened.

(*VIOLETTA faints upon a chair. ALFREDO, alarmed, supports her.*)

Alf. Great Heaven! Violetta!

Vio. 'Tis but the weakness from recent illness. Now, love, I am stronger—seest thou?—(*With effort.*)—and smiling.

Alf. Ah! cruel fortune!

Vio. 'Twas nothing. Annina, a shawl bring hither.

Alf. What now, love? But wait then—

Vio. No. (*Rising.*) I will go now.

(*ANNINA presents a shawl to VIOLETTA, which she tries to put on, but finding herself too weak, she throws it aside and exclaims with desperation.*)

Great Heaven! I cannot.

(*She falls back upon a chair.*)

Alf. Heaven! what is it? (*To ANNINA.*) Go call the doctor!

Vio. Ah, tell him—say that Alfredo is now beside me, returned and faithful to my affection. Tell him I wish still to live, and cannot yet my life surrender. (*To ALFREDO.*) But though returned, love, thou hast not saved me; no earthly power from the tomb can shield me. [ANNINA retires.]

DUETT.

Vio. (*starting up impetuously.*)

Ah, cruel fate to die so young,
Tho' much I've borne of sorrow!—
To die when hopes to which I clung
Reveal a brighter morrow!
Ah! then 'twas naught but madness,
The love to which I yielded.
In vain my heart was shielded,
Arm'd with faith, all in vain!

Alf.

Oh dearer far than breath or life,
Belov'd one, fondly treasured!
My burning tears, in this dark hour,
With thine shall flow unmeasured.
But, ah! far more than e'er before
I need thy fond devotion:
Yield not to sad emotion
While hope doth still remain.

Vio.

Oh, thus ends our cruel destiny!

Alf.

Oh, Violetta, calm thy agony!

Vio.

Naught remains to our fond love.

Alf.

Thy grief will fatal prove.

(VIOLETTA sinks in grief on sofa.)

[Enter GERMONT and PHYSICIAN.]

Germ. Ah, Violetta!

Vio. You, my friend?

Alf. My father!

Vio. Thou'st not forgotten me?

Germ. I redeem my promise, and come, thou noble-hearted, as my daughter to embrace thee.

Vio. Alas! too late thou comest. (*They embrace.*) Yet in truth I am grateful. You see me, Grenville? dying in the embraces of those I love most dearly.

Germ. Ah, what say'st thou? (*Looking at VIOLETTA.*) O Heaven! 'tis true!

Alf. Oh, father, dost thou see her?

Germ. Withhold! No more thus rend me, for dark remorse devours my heart already. Like the pealing of thunder each word confounds me. (*VIOLETTA opens a drawer and takes thence a medallion.*) Ah, incautious old father! the wrong accomplished now stands before me.

Vio. Approach more nearly and hear me, belov'd Alfredo!

Take this, a fair resemblance
Of me in days of gladness;
A thought 'twill bring in sadness
Of her who loved thee well.

Alf.

Oh, say not so! thou wilt not die,
But live with love to bless me:
With such a dread bereavement
Kind Heav'n will not distress me.

Vio. Should some young maiden, pure and fair,
Fresh as a flow'r just blowing,
Love thee with heart o'erflowing,
Make her thy bride—(I wish it)—thy bride.
Show her this pictured likeness;
Say 'tis a gift from me,
Who, now in heav'n 'mid angels bright,
Prayeth for her—for thee.

Germ. While yet these eyes have tears to flow
I still shall weep for thee:
Go join the blessed spirits now,
God calls thee heavenward his own to be.

Germ., Phys. and Ann.

Go join the blessed spirits
Soon heav'n thy home shall be.
Thy home in me shall welcome me with thee.

Vio. 'Tis wondrous! (*Reviving.*)

All. What?

Vio. They all have ceased—the paroxysms that distressed me; fresh life awakens within me, giving me a vigor new and rare. Ah, but am I—ah, I am to life restored now! Oh rapture! (*Falls upon the sofa.*)

All. O Heaven! dead!

All. Violetta! May Heaven her soul receive!

Doctor, (*after examining her pulse.*) 'Tis over.

All. Oh grief! Oh woe!

END OF OPERA.

